

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

VOLUME 42.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1885.

NUMBER 6.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

HENRY R. WEST,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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blocks North of the Public Square.

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by the Publisher—\$2 in advance.

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Each subsequent insertion for five weeks, .50
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One square, six months, 5.00
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One fourth column, one year, 8.00
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One half column, one year, 12.00
One column, one month, 2.00
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One column, six months, 8.00
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of one dollar per square for first insertion,
and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.
Advertisements of Executors, Attorneys,
Administrators or Receivers, Attachment
and Road Notices, \$3.00.
Local Notices, per line, first insertion, 10
cents, and five cents per line for each additional
week.

ATTORNEYS.

WILLIAM F. OKEY,
Notary Public.

WM. OKEY & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Will practice in Monroe and adjoining coun-
ties. Office south of Public Square, formerly
occupied by Hollister & Okey. feb14/85.

G. W. HAMILTON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public.
(Office over Pope & Castle's Drug Store.)
Woodfield, Ohio.
Will practice in Monroe and other counties.
Jan17/85.

James Watson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
MASTER COMMISSIONER,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO,
Jan17/85.

W. S. WILBY,
SOLICITING ATTORNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
(Office up stairs in Court House.)
NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.
Jan17/85.

SPRIGGS & BRIGGS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
And Claim Agents,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office—Up stairs in Court House.
188/74.

FURNITURE.

IMMENSE STOCK
OF
FURNITURE!

AT
HEBELING & STOEHR'S,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO

Extra inducements to customers in the way of
GOOD GOODS FOR LOW PRICES

and as cheap as the cheapest.

Wardrobes, Chairs, Tables, Bu-
roaus, Bedsteads, Looking
Glasses, Hat Racks, Picture
Frames,
And everything else in the Furniture Line

Pictures Framed to Order
IN BEST OF STYLE.

UNDERTAKING
Promptly and carefully attended to. All
kinds of Undertaking Goods always on hand,
consisting of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and
Burial Robes of all sizes. dec7/85.

Special Arrangements
for selling 1st. Parties buying of me or of
my agent, SIMON J. DORE, Woods-
field, Ohio, can secure work 25 or 30 per
cent cheaper than elsewhere.

Designs and Estimates Furnished
on application. Mr. Eberle is the holder of
the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Bel-
lairs, Ohio. aug1/82.

A PRIZE
Send six cents for
postage, and receive
free, a costly book
of 100 pages, which will
tell all about the
different uses of the
different parts of the
human body. For sale
at the publishers, at one
address, 242 N. 4th St.,
Philadelphia.

**BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS**
THE
BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure
vegetable bitters, is a complete
cure for all cases of
Impure Blood, Malnutrition, Chlorosis,
and Nervousness.
It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the
Stomach and Liver, and for all cases of
General Debility, and for all cases of
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all cases of
Nervous Prostration, and for all cases of
Female Weakness, and for all cases of
Pallidness, and for all cases of
Loss of Appetite, and for all cases of
Loss of Sleep, and for all cases of
Loss of Memory, and for all cases of
Loss of Power, and for all cases of
Loss of Vigor, and for all cases of
Loss of Health, and for all cases of
Loss of Life.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. B. DENNIE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BEAVERVILLE, OHIO.
Office in the Armstrong property.
ap10/85.

DR. J. J. WAY,
Physician and Surgeon,
ELM COVE, Washington Tp., Monroe
County, Ohio.
All calls promptly attended to, during the
day or night. feb23/85.

DR. JAMES A. MCCOY,
DENTIST,
CALDWELL, OHIO.
Visits Woodsfield regularly. Guar-
antee better work and use better materials
than any Dentist in the county. ap15/84.

Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com.
LEROT, OHIO.
Insures nothing but Farm property. Rates
lower than those of any other Company doing
business in this county.

Assets, : \$1,187,236 03
All Losses promptly paid.
JOHN JEFFERS,
Beaverville, Ohio,
nov12/78. Agent for Monroe County.

ORGANS.
CHURCH COMMITTEES, School Boards or
private families desiring to purchase an
ORGAN can procure first class instruments
at lowest cash prices by calling on or address-
ing
REV. W. T. GARNOWAY,
Beaverville, Ohio.
Enter Organs a Specialty.

A. G. W. POTTS,
General Insurance Agent,
Hannibal, Ohio,
Agent for the following Companies:
Also for Tornadoes, Cyclones, Hurricanes
and Wind Storms.
m13/78.

AMAZON. — Cincinnati,
England.
LONDON and LANCASHIRE.
QUEEN OF LIVERPOOL, England.
DAVIDSON, Dayton.
Applications also taken for various other
Companies, all of which are the most reli-
able Companies in the United States. All
classes of

Town and Country Buildings,
Merchandise, Lumber, Stock,
Grain and Farm Implements.
Insured at low rates in good Companies. Ap-
plications either by mail or in person
promptly attended to. m13/78.

Fine Art Marble Works,
JOHN M. EBERLE, Proprietor.
Miltonsburg, O.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE,
which he will sell at prices that

DEFY COMPETITION.
Selling Granite is no experiment with me.
I have been handling it so extensively
this season, and competition so severe, that it
was necessary to make

Special Arrangements
for selling 1st. Parties buying of me or of
my agent, SIMON J. DORE, Woods-
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Designs and Estimates Furnished
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different uses of the
different parts of the
human body. For sale
at the publishers, at one
address, 242 N. 4th St.,
Philadelphia.

Poetry.

NOT LOST.

All is not lost when our ships go down
That we've freighted with hope and launched
with care,
And watched with pride as they sailed away
When the sea was smooth and the wind was fair,
And looked for long when they came not again,
But were wrecked far out on the billowy main.

All is not lost; we may send out more
That will weather the gales till the storms
be past,
And with colors flying and with sails unfurled
Will gallantly steer into port at last;
And their coming at length will surely repay
The anxious watching and weary day.

All is not lost when our best ships
Suddenly crumble and turn to decay;
When we build our plans on the shifting sands
And the tides come in and wash them away.
If our plans are wise and we seek them out
Laps, we build with more prudence next time, per-
haps.

All is not lost when we bear out our dead,
Under the sod in their coffins to lie,
Then sadly return to our desolate homes
To weep and to mourn as the days go by—
And miss the sound of their coming feet
And listen no more for their voices sweet.

All is not lost, for us they yet live;
We know that earth's farewell, though bitter,
Is brief;
In God's good time we shall clasp them again
In a land unshadowed by care and grief,
For onward they look, and stand and wait
To welcome us in through the heavenly gate.

Say not then in despair that all is lost
When the fairest hopes of life fade away;
Think not the bright visions that dawn on us
here,
Are but mocking mirages to lead us astray.
There are songs in the night, and a golden ray
To light up the gloom on the darkest day.
—Mrs. M. S. O'Neil, in Detroit Free Press.

Select Story.

A Strange Experience.
As Related by the One Who Passed
Through It.

CHAPTER I.
My name is not Norval, nor have I
ever in any way been associated with
the Graham Hills—but my name is Oscar
Hockersmith. You will at once perceive
that there is nothing in this name, but
if any man has ever passed through an
experience similar to the one which I am
going to relate he would do me a great
kindness by at once communicating with me.

One day I arrived at Cregmore, a little
old town on the upper Arkansas River.
After taking breakfast at a hotel the pro-
prietor of the house came to me and
said that as I had no baggage I would
be compelled to pay in advance.
"Have my trunk sent up, if you please,"
I said. "You brought no baggage, sir?"
"Then it has not arrived. It will soon
be here, for I am sure it arrived, having
seen it delivered to a wagoner at the de-
pot. I have no money with me. I hope
that you appreciate my position, sir."

He doubtfully shook his head and
walked away. I wondered if the fellow
had my trunk had run away with it. I
had no check, and I knew that I might
have trouble in recovering my property.
Just as I turned to go out an old gentle-
man whom I suddenly encountered there
up his hands and exclaimed:
"My God!"

"What is the matter?"
"Oh, sir, if I did not know that my
son Norval was dead I would think in
you he had returned. He was killed in
the army."

He regarded me closely, and in a quiet
tone continued:
"I have never before seen such a re-
semblance. Some eyes, nose, mouth—
everything. Will you please do an old
man a favor?"

I replied that I would favor him in any
possible way.
"Then come with me to my house. I
want my wife to see you."

I told him of the perplexing situation in
which I was placed.
"Here, Mr. Norval," he exclaimed,
calling the proprietor. "Doesn't he look
exactly like my son Norval?"

"Exactly, only he is much older,"
I said. "Yes, but you must remember that I
was more than twenty years since Norval
went into the army. Poor boy," turning
to me. "I want you to go home with me.
I will stand good for your bill."

"I feel under many obligations to you,
old gentleman, for I am really in an em-
barrassing position. I fear that fellow
has stolen my trunk, but if you will go
with me to the town officer I will after-
ward go with you."

He agreed and we called upon the
town marshal, who, after listening to my
statement, looked at me suspiciously and
said:
"You didn't come in on the train?"

"But, sir, I know that I did. I deliv-
ered my trunk to a tall negro who walked
with a limp, and who, if I remember
correctly, had an impediment in his
speech. The trunk—and I would know
it among a thousand—is a large one, cov-
ered with black leather."

"Look here," said the officer, "you
came up on a boat, for I saw you when
you got off; besides, you could not have
come by rail, for there are several
wharves above and below here, there
has not been a train in for two days."

"The statement was insulting, yet I
struggled to conceal my resentment. Of
course, in small towns, are generally nar-
row-minded, dogmatic, you could not have
come to dispute him further than to reaf-
firm that I came on the morning train.
Then, turning to the old gentleman, who
name I had learned was Metford, I an-
nounced my readiness to accompany him.
He had been so absorbed in the resem-
blance of the resemblance be-
tween his son and myself, that he had
paid little attention to the disparity
of statements concerning the manner of
my arrival.

Mr. Metford lived in an attractive old
place, not far from the river. When we
entered the gate a woman came out on
the gallery and in a moment, after seeing
me, clasped her hands and leaned against
a post. As we approached she uttered a
shriek and sprang toward me. The
old gentleman, gently taking hold of her,
said:
"Come, Mary, don't give way to your
feeling. This is—you have not told me
your name, sir. Ah, yes," when I told
him, "this is Mr. Oscar Hockersmith. I
wanted you to see him on account of the
perfect likeness he bears to Norval. Come
in, sir," he continued, leading the way.
We entered a comfortably fur-
nished room. The old lady could not
keep her eyes off me.

"Poor Norval," she repeated over and
over again. "Poor child. Oh, sir, if I
did not know that he was killed in the
army, I would think you were my son."
"Be quiet, Mary," said the old gentle-
man. "Don't become excited. Let us
sit down and have some tea. Mr. Hock-
ersmith, and perhaps he will remain several
days with us. Tell us something of
yourself, Mr. Hockersmith."

"I was born in Richmond, Va.," I re-
plied. "And my parents died when I was
quite young. I went into the army and
was wounded by a piece of shell at Shil-
oh. After the war I went home, but
found that the uncle with whom I had
been reduced almost to a penniless
condition. He did not long survive, and
there being nothing in Richmond to par-
ticularly bind me to place, I went to
New York, and have never returned. I
have come to this State to look after the
legal interest of a corporation, and, as
soon as my business is completed, I shall
go back to St. Louis."

"Until then," said Mr. Metford, "you
will remain at our house. Although I
know you are not our son yet to see you
here revives and illustrates a memory
that is so dear." Here the poor woman
completely broke down.

"Mary," said the old gentleman ap-
proaching her and stroking her hair,
"don't give way to your feelings. I
would not have you come to me but I
know that if I did not go, in the event
of bearing of this wonder of likeness,
would never forgive me. Don't give
way, now."

She became calm, but every time she
looked at me, I could see her lip quiver.
"What a beautiful face you have," I
said. "Any man, seeing from natural
affection, would feel proud of such a
mother." I thought of the dead son and
of what a splendid home his death had
made cheerless. And I almost wished
that I had told the old couple that I was
travelling alone, and that my death was
erroneously announced.

After dinner, to which I was induced
to remain, we were sitting in the parlor
when a loud knock on the front door
caused a momentary flutter of excite-
ment. Mr. Metford, who answered, re-
turned with a look of alarm, and said:
"The town marshal is here, and he is
wishing to see you."

"What for?" I asked in surprise.
"I want you," he said.
"What do you want me to do, sir?"
"He told me to take you to the town
marshal. He said that you were the
man who had been killed in the army."

"What do you mean?" I asked.
"I mean nothing offensive. You know
Abraham?"
"Never heard of him."

"I am sorry, for I had hoped that you
would recognize me."
"How can I recognize you, sir, when
this is the first time we have ever met?"
He shook his head and muttered some-
thing which sounded to me like "poor
fellow." Then he started me by say-
ing:
"I have been your keeper for years."

"My keeper?"
"Yes, I am connected with the Mis-
souri Insane Asylum."

"I don't dispute your position as keep-
er, but I can assure you that I have never
before been in the institution. I am a St. Louis
man."

"Let me tell you something which has
just come to light. You were wounded
at the battle of Antietam."

"What Antietam. You and a young Vir-
ginian, who to some extent resembles
you—a man named Hockersmith—fell
close to each other. In the report of the
killed and wounded you were put down
on the dead list and this man Hockersmith
was reported to be wounded. You were
deadly hurt, and with a sudden puff,
was upon recovery of the wound, found to
be hopelessly insane. You went to
Richmond, but your supposed relatives
spurned you, so I have heard; and, after
wandering around you went to Missouri
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spurned you, so I have heard; and, after
wandering around you went to Missouri
and was placed in an insane asylum."

I understood him. He would urge
charges against me merely to defend his
own position.
"Judge," said a voice that I knew
looking around I saw Mr. Metford;
every one started for him to speak. "I
met Mr. Hockersmith at the hotel yes-
terday morning. On account of the won-
derful resemblance which he bears to my
son Norval—"

"Yes," replied the Judge. "Poor Nor-
val, I say him buried," she says.
"On account of that resemblance,"
continued Mr. Metford, "I invited Mr.
Hockersmith to accompany me home.
He explained his embarrassment and I
told Mr. Bunch that I would stand good
for the bill. So that charge is wiped
out."

"That's all very well, gentlemen," ex-
claimed the town marshal, "but we can't
allow follows to come in this way. I be-
lieve that a man should be punished for
lying just the same as he ought to be for
stealing. My ticket."

"I am glad to hear you speak so cour-
ageously," rejoined Mr. Metford. "You
borrowed ten dollars from me about two
months ago, vowing that you would re-
turn the money within a week. Yet not
withstanding the fact that you have had
money to bet on poker you have failed to
keep your promise. Yes, it is a very
good idea to punish men for lying, and
since you have reminded me of your un-
truthfulness I think it would be well to
set upon your conception of justice."

Your honor, make me out a warrant of
arrest, please, for I want to see what
it is. A time the Marshal knew not what
to say. His face grew red. "You all
know me," he replied. "I am not a
stanger. I didn't come here and try to
beat any of you. I'll pay the ten dollars;
don't fret about that. I don't think it is
right to lay on a man the blame of try-
ing to protect the community against fraud.
I've got nothing against this fellow and
am willing to see him turned loose."

"I am glad to hear you say so," re-
joined Mr. Metford. "You needn't make
out the warrant, Judge. Well, Mr. Hock-
ersmith," turning to me, "there is no-
thing against you here you will please
accompany me home."

When we again went to the house,
Mrs. Metford's lip trembled. They
would not hear of my leaving them, so
I remained all night. The next morning
I awoke with a burning fever; then I
went into a state of delirium and for sev-
eral weeks I knew nothing. When I re-
gained consciousness my mind was so
confused I could not think. I knew that
I talked incoherently, therefore I was
kept in bed.

One day while I was sitting in my
room a man was shown up by one of the
servants. Mr. and Mrs. Metford were
away from home, having gone to a neigh-
bor's house.

"Don't you know me?" said the man.
"I don't think that I ever saw you be-
fore," I replied.
He looked at me and smiled sadly.
"What do you mean?" I asked.
"I mean nothing offensive. You know
Abraham?"

"Never heard of him."

"I am sorry, for I had hoped that you
would recognize me."

"How can I recognize you, sir, when
this is the first time we have ever met?"
He shook his head and muttered some-
thing which sounded to me like "poor
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before been in the institution. I am a St. Louis
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LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Miss E. E. Cleveland to be Mistress
of the Mansion—Social Features.

ALBANY, N. Y. March 3.—Miss R. E.
Cleveland, who will be the mistress of
the White House, did not join the house-
hold in the Governor's mansion here,
but has been with him a great deal since
he retired to the Tu-er residence, on
his resignation of the Governorship. It
was with reluctance that she consented
to go to Washington to take charge of
the Presidential household. She has been
an earnest and industrious woman, and
never contemplated a life of luxury, much
less one of conspicuous position before
the country. She is as unique in her
way as her brother is in his, though they
are apparently not at all alike in gen-
eral character. Nor does she physically
resemble him. She is of medium size,
with a face of quietude, and a few intel-
lectual lines. She is good-looking,
but not pretty. She dresses neat, but
plainly, and wears few ornaments. She
has for a long time been a lecturer in
her profession, especially being educational
subjects, and her audience usually the
people of girls' schools. She has, for ex-
ample, just lectured at the Elmira
Seminary on "Joan of Arc." She speaks
several languages, is a constant reader,
is exceptionally well informed in history
and the arts, and has that degree of con-
fidence in herself and the knowledge she
possesses to be able to frankly take the
lead in conversation and to hold it against
the bright men and women who have
come in contact with her. Yet in some
respects she is notably shy, and always
so modest and amiable as to win friends
easily and quickly.

"Why, sir," a perfect dictionary said
ex Governor Cornell, when he returned
from a visit to Miss Cleveland yester-
day; "she's one of the brightest women
I ever met."

"And do you know," remarked the
Governor's friend, "she is a wife. I
seemed inclined to avoid promiscuous
society in Washington, I told her on my
account to do so. I informed her what
people she would meet, how charming
the social atmosphere is there. If
one only chooses one's own circle among
the refined families; and I also assured
her that she need not be doubtful about
her ability to entertain, though I omit-
ted the truth—that there are a few women
there so well fitted to reign in the White
House as she."

There seems to be no doubt that Miss
Cleveland's administration will not lack
distinctive qualities, for she is a strong
minded woman, accustomed to instruct
members of her sex, and with fairly
grounded notions generally.

Cleveland's Cabinet.
WASHINGTON, March 5.—The an-
nouncement of the Cabinet to-day did
not cause any surprise or call forth
much comment from the fact that its
composition was already well known.
Ridderberg, the "fresh" Senator
from the Stannish Valley, made an
exhibition of himself, by objecting to
the confirmation of Mr. Bayard as
Secretary of State, because Bayard sup-
ported a resolution in the Senate, im-
mediately after the reception of the
news of the explosion at the Parliament
House in London, expressing strong
condemnation of such acts. Ridderberg
is a light weight, with just sense
enough not to appreciate the fact. At
Mr. Bayard's name was first taken up
and, objection being made to his confir-
mation, the whole list under the rule
was laid over one day. Ridderberg or
any other Senator who may choose can
therefore compel the Senate to spend a
whole week in acting upon the Cabinet,
by objecting to the nominations as they
come up